

Gold Coast

and

Brisbane

MIND POLLUTION

Trashy Times & Grandpa Rhymes by the Confused Millennial

The Greatest Pity Party
of the Year!



age 10



age 13



current self



70% less
self-defeating



Intro

Attractive Trait

I like your tension headache
you're thinking too much
give it to me
just don't let it get worse

This is not an autobiography.

Some of these are drafts of lyrics which need re-organising into song structures. I hope you can imagine a good song in your head like I do. Or you can skip it.

Chapter 1: Suburban education

Out The Back

we're gonna out the back of the surf

out the back with dad

yeah we're gonna go out
out theback with dad
gonna go out
surfing is rad

gonna go out
out into the surf
gonna paddle out
rocks look like theyd hurt

yeah we're gonna go out
mum's gonna be mad
we're gonna go out
out the back like brad

moles are blackening
waves are dumping
dropped in front of me
learned what 'cunt' means

Hi hi hi

Hi hi hi
I am 13
if I could find the right words
right symbolism
and sounds
to convince you that I have something in
common
with all of you

my little Daria
can I be witty
lend me your cynicism
Daria or Brittney

will you be my friend
will you please be my friend
if only I could ask

Tearing Up Grass

roll call behind the oval
sitting cross legged in the sun
then
broadband for broad bands
teens as illegal pirates
never was it right
but did we ever have a chance
working at mcdonalds
saving for a plane trip
working up to go nowhere
a \$30 webcam
pixelated romance
and discount milk
in plastic bags
school days
uniform starvation
VPN for myspace
countdown for empty weekdays

00's Lower-middle-class bible belt kid

emo kid hid from the mid 2000's
got your black clothes
and cheap earphones
post Blink-182 ratbag spirit
owned the world
from flat-pack furniture
put together wrong
painted fluro stripes
and crashed into a wheelie bin
you always knew exactly where to begin
to jump that concrete driveway line
on razor scooters
you felt fine
in Best and Less clothes
and now box wine
MxPx did time
for you
in a Christ-like move
to keep you in friday youth group
fringe covering
innocuous narcissism
but you were too tired

teacher had a word with you
your work was due
last week

but then again
blessed are the meek
he winked
and didn't give a shit

...

we're boring
snap out of it
is my advice
ineffective?
don't give up kid
you're missing out
i'll generate a pass statistic
it's all fucked
we're giving up
peace out
I don't know what happened

Pay TV

it's already 2k15
still gonna write about mtv/top 40
like about old bands
punks that showed me
i'm missing out on something

just wanted to belong
to the default club
for alienated kids
but i'm not there yet
appreciate my honesty
I feel fake animated
Real life's too slow
but screens aren't enough
to feed my soul

I guess I could enter that world
create some art or real thing
feed the machine
just like all the others
with so much wit
and feeling
to be found or fed to
some other kid like me

Best Friend Google

My friend google
always understands me

asking them a question
in a private window

can I trust them not to tell anyone?
I don't know
but they're all i've got

my friend google
always understands me
my self pity
always finds company

but are they too much?
I wish I could have some space
mentally
I couldn't dump them though
i'd need an excuse
like moving away

unemployment statistics!
Foods for mental health!
Thousands of people died today!
Can you keep me safe?

(no)

My friend google
i'm not very hopeful
it's like you look over my shoulder
and I see you in a mirror

crack
bang

So Good So Bland

i've got it so damn good that
it makes me feel alone
and i work myself up
till i really have a problem

and even then admitting
my lameness just compounds it
there's nothing to be honest
when you're so boring

life oh lyfe
i don't want to suffer
there's no point
of being like our mothers

i've got it so damn bad
i maybe didn't know it
it makes me feel so proud
that i have so many problems

life oh life
i don't want to suffer
there's no point
of being just another
I dunno

Telepathically Confused

i wanna read about dark things
in the light
of my lamp
and feel warm

book reading
western culture
individuals
all alone

love a sad boy
in your glasses
in the corner
of a dropped class

pretend I'm alien
from the future
in lonely dreams
my eyes wide open

i wanna read about the past things
in the light of my fast ship
i am diet jelly on the couch
are we pure
cause we do nothing

The Ants

you wash your face in the mirror
to look clean for your friends
look into the sink and discover
that you've killed some ants

they squirm and they drown
down the plug
when you turn the tap on

you look at the face of a killer

and think
you don't really care
how you look but

you just do it
cause you're fake
you just do it
automatic

you look at your face in the mirror
and you think
of the big things dying
never seen again

then you look back in the sink
and discover
that they're all not dead

more little limbs
try to rescue one another
again

you're late for things
and you just do it
you do it
again

your teenage softness
is a lost cause
don't think about it again

till you want to look tragically
sensitive for some unknown end

Compulsory beer boycott

i wanna buy a fair trade beer
but its too hard cause i am cheap
i grew up on punk rock
i dont got no option
going to the show
what to do I don't know

couldn't drink the coopers
couldnt drink VB
couldnt drinkt he craft beer
ill have a cup of tea

i wanna buy a fair trade beer
but it's too bad that i am cheap
which option is punk rock
how abou for free

i sneak past the door
to buy some fair trade beer

I salute the punk posters
put stickers on the toilets
i've done my bit
for the local punk rock scene

Didn't Bring A Creative Vibe

planned to escape the suburbs of white
rendering
so I could stop feeling like I was pretending
to be a real artist
but it soon became clear to me
that I wouldn't bring a creative vibe to a share
house

I found some pretty fairy lights
but the cord wouldn't reach
then I dug up a ten year-old surf brand bikini
for the beach
went to the op shop but all the good stuff was
gone
it was meticulously picked over
and I couldn't stand those expensive vintage
stores
buying unique ethical recycled etc. is just another
fucking chore

my clothing proportions never seem right
it's abundantly clear that i'd be a 'don't' on vice
tried a DIY haircut
then felt self-conscious that it didn't look nice

still, in keeping with my conservative
influences

I congratulated myself
on wise financial management
and lack of vain, immodest, consumerist
appearances

I guess I won't pine over that hipster boy
anymore
maybe if I wait in this outer suburban hole
doing my own thing in earnest
they'll eventually move next door

Prickly Prying

says
everyone belongs with their exes
everyone is a bit boring
entangled in lost causes

in a room
in the frustrating present
my angst
is a gift (or a shit)
to (or on) you

for what purpose
i don't know

everyone else belongs together
everyone else settles in memory forever
they all seem much more close than me
away from reality

i don't have a place to start again
so i'm stuck
with my lost cause
please revive me (or you)

shitty imagination
has to be more forward thinking
those songs that say
"i'll love you forever"
make me feel so petulant
I want it now

Love Me More

I keep seeing these photos
of your goddamn exes
you say its ok
it was shallow and pretentious
it was puppy love and now
you're such a big boy grownup
but sitting your room
I feel so frustrated/boring

Love me more!
I hate it but I want it!
Love me more!
I'm selfish and neurotic

You want to take a photo?
You want me confused?
You love me so stupid?
You want me pretentious?
I hate it but I'm lonely

and I might just be psychotic?

Love me more!
I hate it but I want it!
Love me more!
You're selfish and neurotic!

Love me now!
I bet you're still nostalgic
Love me now!
I'll be a photo on a trash heap
Am I worth it
are you worth it
Do you love me?
Love me more!

Inner Tabloid

Spin! Spin! Spin! Spin!
I put a spin on you!
Spin! Spin! Spin!
Spin in my head!

Spin in my head
Spin in my mind
Spin! Spin! Spin!
I'm getting dizzy

Spin! Twirl! Spin!
Twirl around you!

Spin! Spin! Spin!
in my mind
Spinning out of here
Step around you

Self-governing

Think advice
to myself
more advice
by myself
all day
my advice
better advice
for years
at a time
all day
my advice
right advice

some time
i'll be alright
good intentions
no pretensions
i'm full of shit
my advice
I tell myself
my occupation
make more advice
it's for myself
my philosophy
my psychology
empty words
but my advice
right advice
I advise
my politics
my social life
some time
yeah more advice
I know
I know
analysed
paralysed
no no no no no.

Reserve Army

I now you're out there
you're anonymous
the reserve army
for when conventional politics fails
(more overtly)

you're alternative
the target market for
fight club, v for vendetta, bioshock, punk rock

you spend time at the gym
at university, wikipedia
for what, when?
I'm sure we'll find out

reserve army!
I see what you buy
we're all watching
your subversive facebook likes

reserve army!
Viva la revolution!

Ripped MC Rich

Dorkins/Evolutionary

Psycho-ology

Techno MC attempt at uplifting intro
My heart goes out to the future of the species
in this club baby
healthy
evolutionary
legs
arse
social and
mentally healthy
fun
hunter forager sex instinct
.org
free magazine
that's my spirit
baby
fertiity
instinct
drive
fuck
kill
me
hormone
pheremone love potion
gym
fittest
of species
am
I turning
you
on
ba
by
psychology today
omega 3
I fucking love science
human
gene
is good
for your genes
natural
plz
tinder
flame
cave
instinct
evolution

durrr
uhh
etc.
I am
profound aint i
fuck
me y not
I gud person
dun care hu u r
that gunther song
gud
just dun get it according to my rational
calculations I should be happy and not end up
alone and without a legacy

Roll model

aren't i a model
for anything
don't have two mums
i'm not articulate

in every ad
i'm holding a beer
looking dumb
while my wife chews my ear

i am a homer simpson
he herald a new age
and it's here

i am dumb white male
yes ma'am
i see
sure read me a book
while i scratch my balls
with no fucking clue

Proud Parent

I am my own child
I will never have a kid
I will sit and dwell
on my past potential

self-absorbed brat
who will never own the world
i'll throw a tantrum
to my poor self-discipline

I am my stupid kid

I am my only child
I can have a gold star
I can have a lolly
I dont need anything
Just need to be proud of me

Tyranny of Weak Youths

i wake up
and see they've been fighting
on tv
and the internet

my head is the daily replier
what do i think
fuck
when's this expire

another issue
another topic
pick your team
and suck up the rubbish

my mind's spread thin
but I am defiant
theyre gullible
but they're smartarse too

who are these people
who we don't know
confect their insight
and say i'm too slow

i'm not no bro
or
anything either
i'm just thinking
bout what's in the freezer

you're sucked in
perpetually wired
you're sucked in
by the new advertiser/false messiah

that sounds
like russian propaganda
i am shit
but i think we'd do better

I am shit but I think you're no better

I am shit but I think you're no better
what's the issue
we're so damn arbitrary

Aussie Rap

self confidence
trust my subconscious
to come with rhymes
outside their influence
intimate
immediate
i'm freed of it
we're powerful
believing it

heads full of suburban rabble
trash TV
i'm conceding it
but no greed and hate
not taking shit

full of shit
raised with shit

I come up with something better
loathing my own failure
with every letter
i'm irrelevant
the legacy of poverty
my ancestors fucking starved
under your idea of equality
so if i'm so shit
prove your fucking superiority

Aussie Rap 2

I'm a misfit
truly blue
nothing I can fucking do
my social incompetence
is seen immoral
because I'm born acting passive
in genocide
born and bred white
suburban blue eyes
they said I was sick
in the mind
I can't surprise
stealing
taking

black culture appropriating
flag draping
accidental first nation erasing
is it my fucking fault
then what am I getting or making
Shit bosses or newstart
decided by the government
no-one gives a shit about me
but the nation state
there's no other country
I love and fucking hate

I may be wrong but
i'm no coward like you
getting off on
pleading guilty mate
what happens
to your taxpayer's
collection plate?

Pimply Lipstick Sneer

When I was only 13
so bored of gormless niceties
I found a blog online
with rants of eloquent intelligence

so enlightened as a teen
I searched her in 2015
found lots of cats
and a lukewarm fashion dream

she showed me punk rock
but graffiti on her council flat wall
Is now a spreadsheet
for her online vintage shop

it's not surprising
bukowski's easy to mock
the libertine's are washed up
and in real life
people's mean habits suck

Sex Pistols, local bands, Iggy Pop
have no mention
it's now about lists of sex offenders
and conservatively-styled dresses

don't get me wrong she is
mature and sweet
but at awkward 13
I needed a vicious stimulus

with my school morning cup of tea

some kinda solidarity
guess now its real
she posts
stories about the general public
with sensitivity to how they all feel

maybe she's switched on
and im a bit awkward
do people rhyme in poems in 2017
who cares
back in the day my granddad did

it impresses me
its all subjective
- your emotion-fuelled certainty -

you grew up
but because of that blog
you're always great to me

Pre-Trump mouth-run

Fuck it all wing it
what do we do when thier promises fade?
fuck it all wing it
impeding economic world catastrophe?
fuck it all wing it

what do we do
it's business as usual
fuck it all and fuck you
i've got a plan
you've got a plan

when shit goes down
wing it
increment by increment

fuck it all wing it
pragmatists
idealists
stupid shifting numbers
half baked theories

fuck it all wing it
I don't know
and you don't

fuck it all wing it
bullshit
bullshit
bullshit

Here

Here
I like here
I can't see anywhere else

flowers and waves
something neoliberal temporality is in my head
but I don't need it
go away
I like the sun and poems
low life music fades

this is not a holiday
I just like here

Intermission

Bargain bin band or song names up 4 grabs

If you read all of this list, you will have
completed your inoculation course against cringe

fatality. You will be able to handle just about
anything. However, for a small percentage of
readers, side effects may make cringe sensitivity
worse. Induce vomiting and report to our
customer service team if you feel excessive
discomfort at any time.

Astro turf wars
Wank Riffs
Dole Bludgeons
Naturopath
VT TV (i.e. Vicarious Trauma)
World Vision
Galactic Vision
Moon Vision
Antcarctica
MONEY
Secret Science
Pick n' Mix
The Rorts
Fistpen
Soap Scum
Classifried Infriemation
Babe L.
Holey Bibles
White Bread Media Heads
Fat Barbies
Homeschoolers
Delinkerents Off Centre
Reggers Beggars n' Reckers
Chocka-block Rock
Novotel Band
Jefferson Cruiseship
Rockstar Shirts
Rockstar Shit
Keyboredz
Fitness First Gig
Homestays
Transparent Anti-terrorist Garbage Bins
Boxcutters
Clemtrails 7
DIY P Plates
DIY L Plates
Hat Patrol
Out of Bands
The Ghost of Emo
Everything is Fine in Upper Coomera
Art's Centre Parking
The Car Parks
Miami Ice
Spaz Dollz
My Little Daria

The Trents
Eat Scab
Trent Residue
The Rise
Living on a Stair
Well Done Sticker and the 10000 Likes
Farmer's Market Psychosis
Online Offensive Operation (OOO)
American TV
Union Jackass
The Individuals
Cunt Fool
Ed and the Safe Sexes
Mars and the Safe Space
Beta Centauri
4 Channels 1980
Emotional Regulation Strategy no. 5
Cognitive Behavioral Therapy Commitment
and Acceptance
The Job
The Shift
Loose Screwers
Deleuzers with Guattari's
Autismo and the Attention Deficits
Autismo and the Beck Indexes
la Borde
Smart-arse arse shit
Loan Warriors
Mensa Loser
Iggy Grandpop and the Charlie Chaplins
The Go Withouts – Saint Paul's Terrace
Devvo
Siliconica
Flying Cuckroaches
Buzzcucks
Songs About Cucking
Fuck Guns
Partial Control
The Velvet Overcoat
The Dirt-filled Underground
The Lava Underground
Gang of Scooters
Bad Ideology – Against the Swarm
At The You-tubez
Chert
Jelly Plane
Yeezer
Sepultruluv
Public Image Completed (P.I.C.)
Tongue Wars
Pixel Hooks
Dick Cave and the Bad Seedy Men

Netflix Insext Off Me
Shock Value
John Saffron's Strawbeery Jamboree
Attitude Valley
Bottle'o Brisbane
Bottle of Brisbane
Fat Luoise's
Jizzbane
Pepe Max
WTF Dole
Whacko at the Caxxo
Thou Shalt Not Australian Idolise (Reunion
Band)
Two Thousand and Sex
Cougirls
Blow Diddley Neighbourinos
Consumerists of Sound
Dur - Post-Modern Life is Rubbish - Snarklife
Broasis
The Gibberitines
Sofisticates
Hammer and Sick
Sick day
Commercial Communists
Zombi Kombi ACVW
George Oh Well
Dick Tattoo
WINAMP
Serfers
Canteen Rag
Feminist Faggot (credit: someone starting with
B)
Third Beer
Film Cretins
John Revolta (credit: Scottish Harry B.)
Subfailures (also Scottish Harry)
Shower of Bastards (Scottish Harry B?)
Rent Payerz (MK)
Septic Tankers (MK taken)
Kitchen's Bore (anon)
The Matt Kennedy's
Doz-No's (HC graffiti on my no-doz bottle)

Dumb

Just cause i'm dumb
do you deserve more respect and money
cause I don't pass your test
should you get to exploit me
i'm average in marketable skills
never high on your hierarchy
fuck me
not born with the genes
or privileged environment
needed to develop
a high-functioning, scheming intellect
you want me to bow down to you
accept your superior value
I don't know what the fuck you're saying
you may be right
but you're not speaking to me
where do we fit in with your scheme?
you think i'm supposed to feel free?
You think I can't see
blatant injustice
feel anxiety
that makes me want to
punch you in the face
and negotiate our existence
with simple, basic decency
instead of this farce
you call democracy

Childhood politics

Went to the park with my best friend
I found 50 cents buried in the sand pit
she said, "can we split it?"
I said no, "finders keepers"
she said, "it's not fair, I do chores for money"
I had no sympathy
she didn't understand business
while I knew the rules
so she went and did dishes
while I bought some lollies
her home's a different context

Chapter 2: Poorer and dumber than thou



not my responsibility
but she got her revenge.
When I stayed at her house
a sleepover before school
when the next day
she used all the money her parents gave us
to buy lunch
and ate it all
it's not fair, i'm her best friend!
We want the same thing
bought the same earrings
the same brand shoes
copied off older siblings
read the same pop culture news
now she owns a business
says fuck the rest
votes liberal
and i've got no friends
I went to uni to learn equality
but now i've got no comrades
I studied sociology of economics
and I've got no comrades
I was a spoiled brat
now she has employees
don't I get credit?
No,
but I still thank my best friend
for what she taught me

Vaguely left neosomething

you can be so nice
but I could never shake my malaise
it took me years out of our mutual spirit
deadening school days
to find the tenacity to explain
that I resent it
that you're a role model for how i'm meant to
behave
you look so smart in pictures on social media
wannabe bourgeoisie
uni student HD
if all the snotty people you deride as bogans had
all your knowledge
they'd have the genuine conviction to rebel and
organise, maybe
you perceived the incentive to be vaguely,
trendily progressive
by flattering neo-marxist tutors and business
people

smug at the change to shallowly pontificate
someone else's misery
joining in with some weak petition or protest-or-
pep-rally against climate change or poverty
whatever that means when you jump at the
chance for a photo opportunity
with another shit-eating politician
follow your dreams, go to leadership
conferences
have fun with your unpaid internships
overseas mission trips
and many more meaningful activities
try to enjoy that sanitised, culturally cliché so-
called-idealistic youth phase
pre-designated for 'identity exploration' in
western society
before the competitive social system you take for
granted
stops making it worthwhile to spruik that pseudo-
subversive gimmick
that cloaks your conservative mentality
maybe i'm not much better
but not that you'd care if i'm not
i'll be one less over-serious job market
competitor
one less cute protester
how about this for a change?
use your 'superior analytical skills' - as touted on
your resume - to change this farce
end manufactured anxiety
connect with actual people before social
corporate strategy
tell all the cynical individuals
to get off their arses
and we'll find a better way

Sensible Upbringing

i was taught to prioritise
go without things that i thought were nice
all i knew was how to be poor
now I seem lazy when i'm on the dole

most of your pressures don't work on me
i don't care for your philosophy
all i know was things mostly free
how to exist as the blessed meek

i just need a beach and somewhere to sit
food and shelter to be content
my nice doctors when i am sick
but your ideals could never stick

if you question my will to work
maybe i am humble and the boss is a jerk
he thinks he's a hero making waste for money
he thinks that he's learned to be tough
but can he see it's is a frail hand-up?

all I want is to not be judged
not be worried about workplace culture
see work results meeting needs
it's really not that complicated
the people with all the stuff
have to find the "right industry"
change their thinking
away from trashy dreams

Job centre brat/School outcast

I like employers
but they don't like me
I try to help
but they won't pay me

I try to join my classmates
they won't let me play
unless I play the boring parts
and teachers make them

it's just another day where i'll sit out
in my generic shoes
and half rotten apple
I guess it builds character
but my character won't sell

some say "fuck you
I hate employers
and employers hate me
don't tell me what to wear
don't tell me how to speak
if you want to help
if you want to get some help
for the public good
I doubt it
you're fucking degrading"
but not many
really

Corona

'84 Torago died in '99
then Mum and Dad bought home a lemon.
Toyota Corona
an off-white and brown, boxy '86 relic.
dying motor, cushions stuffed behind broken
driver's seat
where I got an impression
of a carefree DIY ethic
got proud of my two dollar canvas shoes
though feeling pretentious and over-privileged
at a disapproving private school
(where my sister told me about an embarrassing
occasion
when some girls' flanno-wearing dad picked her
up in a massive crane)
then mum picked us up in the corona one day
parked outside the designated traffic island
waiting area
and all the cars kept getting in the way
we whinged, we wanna go home!
so mum said,
right, we're blocked from the empty lane
so i'm going to drive over the traffic island, over
this patch of grass
it's just an arbitrary boundary
why do you care what everyone thinks?
but no, us anxious kids didn't allow it
so we waited
consolidating supposed virtue of patient
acceptance of circumstance
and accepting our status in life

Parallel Whips

on one side there's the cruel business world
the other side there's you
teaching what our leaders expect from their
selfish right-wing world-view
reminding me everyday how we're so oppressed
how society defines me by what I possess
that their tentacles reach into our brains and tell
us we can't move
from inside the work-consume-die cycle
of systemic mental abuse
but when I think about it
you're in my brain too

maybe you're both part of a chorus of fools
telling me what I can and can't do
so i'm going to lie on the grass and think
in protest of them and you



Chapter 3: In the City

Stranger's Balconies

other people live here
they dragged that fan
across the room
speak the same language
through those windows

who built this suburb
our bubble
at the bottom of the streetscape
oh they go to work
every day
speak the same language
move the same limbs
all this time
I wasn't hearing anything
going nowhere
us vs them
oh who built this city?
I'm at the bottom of the streetscape
bit confusing

Power walk

so tired of looking at buildings
full of nothing that don't let me inside
its a dog run
fars i can see

look at the door
put on my dog leash

i'm an animal
no civilisation
escape monkey
you get no banana

postcard glitter strip
postcard glitter strip
postcard powder strip
in rat park
they know how it ends
it ends in the dark

i try to stretch my eyes and see
something
else
staring at a wall
again and again
someone else, someone else's thing
too many walls

Mt Cootha

thought i'd go to the tallest place
where superhero surveys the kingdom
a kids dressed in batman plastic
but all i see is
plastic
more plastic

can you fly will you ever learn
why don't you walk the streets as scum for
once
you are welcome

Polite Landlord

It's hard
my landlord seems a nice guy
I wish he was mean
then I could start a class war scene
when he raises the rent
play some Dead Kennedy's
but he'd say cool
he saw 'em in '83

if only all landlords were dickheads
all housemates could band together

get free rent
now and forever

Job Centre

This country is a job centre
bland interior
inside out

in every city
what a pity
client not a citizen
In an ugly job network
a valued customer
just a little bit dirty
greet with a smile
job centre
there are no jobs
and nobody likes em anyway
cause they drain you

This country's running out of luck
It's terra nullis
cause you made it suck
you high functioning drunk
boring if you're conservative
or vaguely punk

fucking job centre
talk about your life
with hollow charisma
you're still provincial
cling to tokens of pride
all sentimental
sickening and contrived
your job is useless
your slacker schtick too
in a sickly network
this country is, a fucking job centre
this country is an outdated policy
another entitled dickhead's invention
bunch of strangers
we're forced to deal with
australia is
a fucking job centre

Home Wares

Home wares
cluttering my streets
home wares
walking in bare feet

house wife design
wasting all
our time

home wares
light shops too
unfair
ruining my view

house wife
pride
mass man
white

home wares
middlebrow design
home wares
gonna drink some wine

life style design
wasting
all
your time

Ageing rock stars

sombre aging rock stars
will give me protection
sombre matching rockstars
will protest our rejection

looking all tough
brightly coloured
they keep youthful
and on the march

grumpy ageing
all the aging rock stars
they hate things on gold coast
make us things for protection

posing foorr photos

posing for the photos
i saw them on youtube
20
no 10
years ago

years ago
grumpy aging rock stars

in promotion photos
they'll give me protection

i'm sure
these non seen
scene legends
still give a shit

Party Athlete

I am a party athlete
i'm so tired
but I came out tonight
stretch it out it's
just the good life
so be baptised

go to church
I don't wanna
go to church
hey we're going back to my place
straight from church
just the good life

three days a week
a drunk gospel bender
night church
new cultural message
drink with me
this is my blood and my body

drag me to the bus
gonna take me to church
can't sleep
i'm a party athlete
collective vision is
just for
the good life
the better team
is it is it
a drunk spiritual
good life church

Home mission/Safety House

i just want to go to bed
gotta park my car instead
loading zone
can't park there
walk a block 1am

loading zone!
building site!
no parking zone!
traffic fine!

don't wanna walk a block
late at night might get raped
fuck em all i'll just skate
wake em up until i'm safe

loading zone!
building site!
no parking zone!
nuisance mine!

bitumen
shake shake shake
obnoxious noise
until things change

nuisance fine!
personal alarm!
piss everyone off
till someone cares

i jsut just wanna got o tbed
gotta move my car
but i'm scared
1am
it's too late

Neighbourhood Watch

I'm so reckless I don't even eat meat
try one cigarette
and then I have something to drink
object gentrification
but I walk home safe
i'm so reckless I don't even need meat

went for a walk
alone at night

got a little silly cause my job stole all my sleep
being a good citizen
filming the police

don't need a lot of nerve to say
just what you think you think

so i'm going to the valley
gonna have another drink

got a little silly cause I had too much caffeine
i'm so reckless I don't even need sleep
Brisbane is a lonely place
I feel close to nothing

I'm so reckless do they even need me?
Lalalalalalala
second hand grief
standing in a lonely crowd
tapping my feet

lalalalal
Brisbane's on the brink
something something
fascist/communist/nothing/cultural history
something something
mainstream-alternative

didn't wear a jacket
almost got molested
you're a gentrifying prick
and i've got no money

My Social Security

i'm the bride of social security
i care for all his children
even when they're illegitimate
and he's away on business

i try calling him
when i need something
he makes me wait
but he puts on some classy music
and love letters in the mail

i'm the bride of centrelink
he's my social security
he's not perfect
but he's perfect for me
i know no-one else

he is cold but he's a strong man
he is tough but he is selfless
i can't live with my parents
he saved my station

you know i barely know him

he's a man of the public
i don't know what he's doing
but i take care of all his children

now he says i should be working
but i'll stay old fashioned
i'm the bride of centrelink
a rare man of duty

but this was destined for an ending
no longer did he want me
when i go out i am embarrassing
i said no to all his parties

his friends don't like my dresses
they don't have many graces
they made their guests clean up their dishes
and he said my tears were a weakness

i said I won't stand
their self-righteous judgment
he threw me out on to the pavement
to eat out the dumpster

he's not a man and i'm no woman
hell we are barely human
i'll crawl back in six months

Administrative Mistake/Total Mess

and all my money's gone
from an administrative mistake
there is no substance
from which work can be made

my bank account is yet to scream for late fees
i'm deaf and blind unfit for law
breaking/making
and now i'm sitting on the remnant streets

where'd all my money go
all my initiative
there is/isn't no substance
from which i am made

maybe i will find a friend
in is inevitable statistically
straight from the office

in the public building

and all my futures gone
from an administrative mistake
there is/there ain't/is there no substance from
which thought can be made

i got spare change for the groceries
cause now my body is expendable
my duty is
out to the remnant streets

find admin work
out of the warehouse dross
here is my call centre office
hello this is hello

Icy Air Con

i'm losing culture
don't care to go out
sit around
forget what i care about
i didn't have a strong purpose
just a consumption/performance
of fleeting things
that were once age/era appropriate

i'm losing culture
those pleasure hacks of the human brain
of socially accumulated mastery
i won't dance but
i can write technically
it feels obsolete to have
a personality

i see the statistics
and many ways of looking
i'd feel like a fool
to feel confident in anything
but this neutrality itself is
an intolerable extreme

using alcohol
stimulants or coffee
to change my thinking/feeling
but I need a person
to "break the ice" (haa)
and be truly interested
or interesting
no direction from plain rationality

some people say
to "release those happy chemicals"
become a volunteer
but ignore
the general principle that
we're being whored out
i'm not neutral just
a lot of things are not ideal
must find best way to both think and feel

Duty Free

Duty free!
What's that mean?
Duty free!
I don't care it's cheap
Oh duty free!
Oh what's that mean!
No duties for me!
I don't care
Cause liquor's cheap!

Oh Duty free!
Oh homeland take me!
Transit's glorious receipt!
No duty for you,
No duty for me!
I don't know
What that means

A. A. Asia

Written on a vomit bag on an Air Asia flight.

A A Aisa
Insect spray us
hey what they pay ya
A a Aisa

Collectivist huh
what they pay ya
Ya Touriste ("I am tourist" in Russian)
You pay your rates too
Que sera sera

A A Asia
Ya help stop the slaves yeah
Fair a science fair
with one bottle of water

Smooth my dry throat
A A Asia

Everything's fleeting
cept my polite greeting
confucius
confuse us
I like yous, I think so
Que sera sera
Alright a discount fare
To a funeral
To South East Asia
Great Southern Land for
a no complaints

To be read in sombre voice

Help me jesus help me jesus
i'm thinking of you as a lyric
speaking in commercial spirit
help me jesus
help me jesus
i'm dripping with disgusting hubris
you died for this
help me jesus
help me jesus
help me jesus
"pride comes before the fall"

A Ballroom with balls of mustard seed

i'll take you to a ballroom
where i'll stand and repeat truisms
from the past
as though they're something new
and some adolescent
like me
will be impressed and take up the mantle
so i'll revise as thought they're nothing
new to me
in a display of false power
posturing
to make
a space
for some half thought-out speech
cause faith the size of a mustard seed

in fellow guilless sensibility
self sacrifice/self-destruction
for no definite return
self-centred we are not
mutual obligation
uphold your end
your strength and peace
we equally defend
there are more than three of us
more than two gathered
i'll take you to a hall

The Market Mystery

If the exchange rate of work
To received product
is much too high for your convenience
wait until it might change
like the weather
might be grey
if you go talk to the storm
you won't be safe until you've got savings

other humans made themselves god
so offer your rituals and offerings
-they can easily be learned, usually -
then get back to work

what can somebody like you have to say?
Except make em gloat
when you hate some other culture or generation
or look out sceptically alone

that's right
go to the wishing well
to sink your token

The Drunks are Reminiscing

You wrote a song called
Nigh of the Drunks
Now those drunks
and speaking to me
about all the things they don't dare to
they are anxious and reclusive
in real sober life
and they tell me the things they hesitate
to tell you in sober life

they're hard to say

because they don't feel like any
bold politician type
they're off the radar like you and me
they would not take to protest queen street
with their love of ordinary people
and their hatred
of their sober habitual

the hard-headed and political
that they don't get around to
really hating
with all their verbal, spiritual, good upbringing
to the point
with real clout

we have little use for '9-5' or today's equivalent
but stick around (if you can)
and know what they're all about
vox pop youtube
see 'my island home'
and you'll see
the kinds of things from their past
has not given them solid ground
for their day to day getting around

sure they are half clown
half idiot
half addict
whatever you like
but around whatever you think they know
that they'll crowd around
they feel what it is
to be on the outside

a disability is what it's called
when they can't do those things
that appeal to their family's
straight-forward
“have to feed the kids sensibility”
the “I'm not stupid but not smart”
I know my nieces and nephew's and where i'm
needed sensibility

unfinished drunk poem